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Hardware Dealers
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Blankets, Camp Supplies, Axes and Cut Saws, at very low prices. We are selling COFFEE AND TEA POTS AT COST.
POTTER BROTHERS,
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Fine Horse-Shoeing a Specialty
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Detroit, Bay City & Alpena R.R.

Mail and Accommodation.

Michigan Central.

Bay City, leave, 7:30 a.m.

Bay City, arrive, 8:20 a.m.

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VOL. XXIII, NO. 15.

Alpena Argus

ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1893.

WHOLE NO. 1159.

HUMOROUS.

"Man wants but little here below,"
But 'tis this fact that daunts—
He's sure to get a little less
Than the little that he wants.
—Washington Star.

Teacher—"Define memory." Dull Boy—"It's what we always have till we come to speak a piece."—Good News.

The man who can pay his debts and won't do it, would steal if sure that he wouldn't get caught.—Ram's Horn.

"Do you know much about that horse you bought from the deacon?" "I know more about the deacon than I did."—Life.

"I always knew he was too timid to propose." "But he married a short time ago." "Yes; but he married a widow."—Life.

Ester—"Did he kiss you?" Tena—"He hadn't the nerve to do that." Ester—"It would require considerable."—New York Herald.

To do easily what is difficult for others is the mark of talent. To do what is impossible for talent is a mark of genius.—Amiel.

"Miss Wayback carries her age wonderfully well, doesn't she?" She—"Yes considering the number of years in it."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Little boy—"The preacher said there is no marryin' in heaven." Little girl—"Of course not, there wouldn't be enough men there to go round."—Good News.

"Look a' yer, yo' Sam Johnson! De hoss dat yo' sole me las' night is daide!" Sam—"Daide? Lo'd, dat's funny. He nevah did dat befo'."—New York Herald.

Stillingfleet—"How could you conscientiously tell Miss Elder that she is the only woman you ever loved?" Tillinghast—"It is a fact. The others were all young girls."—Vogue.

A Paisley gentleman hearing that two of his female relatives had quarreled, asked: "Ha's they ca'd each other ugly?" "Na, na." "Ah, weel, then, I can mak' it up atween them yet."—Tid-Bits.

"I wonder," said old Mrs. Jason, as she watched the gang of political street-cleaners at their "work." "I wonder if them is the campaign mud-slingers that I read so much about in the papers?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Your daughter has a remarkably pretty foot, Mrs. Snaggs," said Mrs. Bloomfield to her friend. "Indeed she has," replied the grateful mother, "and I have decided to let some good sculptor make a bust of it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Mrs. Smith's daughter is singing her new song now. "I can't hear a sound, and I don't believe you can, with the house two blocks away." "I didn't say I could, but I see the company all leaving."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Portly Pompos—"What does that young man do all the evenings he spends with you in the kitchen?" Bridget—"Sure, mum, and what did Mr. Pompos do when he called on you before you were married?"—Texas Sifting.

Miss Millet—"Is it true that your bicycle riders soon get attached to your machines?" Mr. Wheeler—"It hasn't worked that way with me yet. I can fall off my machine without the least trouble."—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher (hearing arithmetic class recite)—"Mike, if you should see seven birds on a tree, and should shoot three of them, how many birds would remain?" Mike—"Nary one, num; the rest o' them would be ather flyin' away."—Boston Courier.

Mrs. Wickwire—"What is the difference between me and a chicken, dear?" Mr. Wickwire—"About thirty-five years, I guess." Mrs. Wickwire—"Oh, you hateful thing. That isn't the answer at all. The chicken is killed to dress and I am dressed to kill."—Indianapolis Journal.

Miss Birdie McInnis complains of headache. Her little sister has toothache. Miss Birdie says: "Mollie, you must have that tooth pulled if it aches. It is hollow inside." "Sister Birdie, don't your head ache?" "Yes." "Then you must have your head pulled. It's hollow inside."—Texas Sifting.

WATCH



REYNOLDS THE JEWELER
And you need go no farther for
Watches, Jewelry,
Silver and
Plated Ware,
Umbrellas,
Spectacles, etc.



Frank C. Holmes,
Groceries,
Provisions,
Flour and Feed,
Fruits,
Vegetables and
Canned Goods.
Lowest Prices.
Best Goods.

Frank C. Holmes,
Second street.

COAL!

No Coal delivered until settled for.

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MONUMENTS & HEADSTONES
Cut Building Stone, Marble and Slate Monuments and Grates.
Prices as low as any to be had in Michigan.

Writing on the Clouds.

"The time is coming when a man will sit on the front doorstep of an evening and read the news bulletins from the clouds," said M. E. Sperry last night. "With a stereoscopic the size of a Krupp gun and a fleecy cloud for a screen," he continued, "election returns will be projected into the sky so that a whole city will know how many precincts have been heard from, and what the net gain seems to be. What if there are no clouds? That is easy enough. Make some clouds."

They made clouds last night which floated over Lake Michigan, chased by nimble search lights. Mr. Sperry, the electrician, and James Pain, the fireworks man, stood with some workmen at the southeast corner of the manufacturers' roof. Beside them was a search light as large as a hoghead. It threw a straight beam for a mile out over the rough waves of the lake. At that height the wind came strong and frosty. The men were bundled in their overcoats.

More than 1,000 feet out from the breakers which pounded the shore two specks of light could be seen trembling above the water. These lights marked the location of a raft where the cloud makers were waiting. Mr. Pain leaned over the railing and swung a lantern five times. From the raft, which was nearly 2,000 feet from where he stood, came an answering signal. Then between the distant lights rose a spit of fire, the sound of a muffled explosion was heard above the surf's roar, and a bomb lifted itself high into the air and burst. The glaring focus of the search light was swung to the point from which the bomb had been shot, and there it caught a white mass of smoke curling slowly upward. As it rose the white circle of light followed it.

"There we have our screen," said Mr. Sperry; "with a strong focus from a projector we could show on that cloud of smoke a picture of Grover Cleveland or an American eagle or something of that kind." Five bombs were sent up, one after another, and each time the search light centered on the clouds of smoke, for at each discharge there was one puff of smoke from the raft and another in the air where the bomb had exploded.

That was as far as the experiment went. It had been intended to throw pictures and words from the projector, but the large mirror behind the electric lights acted in a contrary manner, and it was impossible to get a proper focus. The projector is at the southwest corner of the manufacturers' roof, and has the appearance of an overgrown stereoscope. The mirror is over three feet in diameter and from that on out to the last lens is a distance of some twelve feet.

The projection of words and pictures upon clouds of smoke or vapor has been successfully accomplished on the other side of the Atlantic, and the late experiments at Mount Washington have been accompanied by good results.—Chicago Record.

Codfish Balls for Two.

San Francisco Call: George Birdsell, Andrew Pealy, Jack Perry, and Peter Larkin constituted a rough-and-ready quartette contributing largely to the boisterous elements of life on the Comstock early in the '80s. They had been New York firemen, and were prominent in the organization and management of the volunteer fire department of Virginia City. They were also connected at intervals with the police department, and assisted in the development of many of the wildcat mines in the neighborhood. They were cool, courageous, and loyal to their friends, but abrupt to their enemies and not always considerate of the rights of others when in their humorous or exuberant moods. All of them have passed to their final accounting, Perry, the last of the four, dying in San Francisco three or four years ago.

Birdsell was a large, handsome man, with a ready and rasping wit and measureless fund of paralyzing invectives at his command. He could almost stop a clock with profane abuse of it in words. At the breaking out of the rebellion he and his companions developed into staunch Union men, and were dangerously incensed at the slurs cast at the New York Fire Zouaves by rebel sympathizers after the first battle of Bull Run. Among the most reckless of the Southerners on the Comstock was Tom Andrews,

Stop Thief!

Any one whose Watch has a
Non-pull-out

bow (ring), will never have occasion to use this time-honored cry. It is the only bow that cannot be twisted off the case, and is found only on Jas. Boss Filled and other watch cases stamped with this trade mark.
Ask your jeweler for a pamphlet, or send to the manufacturer.
Keystone Watch Case Co., PHILADELPHIA.

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This PRECIOUS OINTMENT is the triumph of Scientific Medicine. Nothing has ever been produced to equal or compare with it as a CURATIVE and HEALING APPLICATION. It has been used 40 years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.
Cures PILES or HEMORRHOIDS—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching and Burning; Cracks or Fissures; Fistula in Ano; Worms of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.
WITCH HAZEL OIL
Cures Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contractions from Burns. The relief is instant. Cures Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Scurf or Scald Head. It is infallible.
Cures INFLAMED or CHOKED BREASTS and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.
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Endless Quantities.
Everything Best Quality.
Harrington & Pratt,
Masonic Block.
Choice, Fresh
ROLL BUTTER
Every Day.
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who openly expressed his gratitude

at the rough handling of the Fire Zouaves by his Confederate friends. One morning Tom strode majestically into a restaurant on C street, Virginia City, and discovered Birdsell breakfasting on codfish balls. With a sneer at the dish and a remark that no gentleman would eat the Yankee compound, Tom seated himself at an adjoining table and ordered his breakfast. A few minutes later Birdsell ordered another plate of codfish balls and quietly and smilingly got a seat at Tom's table. Being served, over the codfish he poured a half a pot of mustard and about the same quantity of salt. Adding a large quantity of cayenne pepper he slowly mixed the mass while Tom was buttering his waffles and furtively glancing at the strange proceeding. Then with one hand showing the fiery and nauseating mess under Tom's nose across the table and with the other drawing a six-shooter Birdsell curtly said: "Eat it, Tom!"

Tom put his hand behind him. "Don't try to pull your gun, Tom," remarked Birdsell, calmly and in a low voice, leveling his revolver. "If you do, I'll fill you with holes."

"You've got the drop on me, George," said Tom, withdrawing his hand from the handle of his pistol.

"You can bet your life I have and that I will play it for all it's worth," replied Birdsell, with a look in his eyes that meant mischief. "I'll make you either a corpse or a Yankee before you get out of your seat. Eat, and be quick about it!" "But, George!"

"Eat?" was the only response. Tom thought it best to comply, and with tears in his eyes and vows of vengeance in his heart proceeded to choke down a part of the abominable mixture.

"There, that will do, Tom," said Birdsell, rising from his seat. "You needn't eat any more of the codfish unless you have learned to like it," and he left the restaurant fully expecting his victim to follow him, pistol in hand. But the affair ended without bloodshed. Tom left Virginia City two days after for Pioche and never returned to the Comstock.

A Public Benefactor.

Mr. Symms' back yard has been for years infested with cats, whose voices were, to the last degree, exasperating to his nerves, until one night, about a month ago, when a peculiarly melodious sound floated up to his back windows.

It was a gentle, soothing sound of delicious timbre, and while totally different from the yell of an ordinary cat, it suggested what the voice of a celestial and glorified cat, in another and better world, might be.

Mr. Symms listened with admiration and delight, and in a short time was lulled to slumber by the melodious voice.

In the morning an investigation in the back yard resulted in the discovery of what was apparently a new species of animal, half cat and half tin can—a sort of connecting link between live cat and canned sausage.

It appears that a can containing a little preserved salmon, had been carelessly thrown into the back yard.

A predatory cat had squeezed her head into the can, in order to get at the salmon, and had found that the fragments of tin around the mouth of the can prevented her from withdrawing her head.

In these circumstances she wandered about the yard, blind, and unable to escape.

O. L. PARTRIDGE.
Real Estate Agent
Rooms 4, 5, Davison Block.
Will take charge of estates for residents and non-residents, collect rents, pay taxes, place insurance, obtain abstracts of title, etc.
Office hours—10 to 12 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.

that they completely deserted the place.
At the end of a week the modified cats gave up the effort to live with their heads permanently canned, and Mr. Symms buried them in his celery trench. [N. B.—Subscriptions toward defraying the cost of the statue to be erected to this benefactor of mankind will be received at this office.—Spare Moments.

Mrs. Snooper—Men make me tired. Mrs. Swayback—What's the matter now? Mrs. Snooper—My husband saw Mrs. Kedick yesterday, and I asked him what she had on, and he replied, "Oh, clothes."—Tid Bits.

The Fountain Head of Strength.
When we recollect that the stomach is the grand laboratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which furnish vigor to the system after eating and reaching the blood; that it is, in short, the fountain head of strength, it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order, and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Henslow's Stomach Balm does most effectively, seasonably, regulating and reinforcing action, promoting due action of the liver and bowels, strength and quickness of the nerves, depend in great measure upon thorough digestion. There is no service tonic more highly esteemed by the medical fraternity than the Balm. Physicians also strongly commend it for chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, sick headache, and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wing-salutiferous three times a day.

For Over Fifty Years
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind.

It is Strange
That people suffering from Piles will endure them for years or submit to dangerous, painful, cruel and expensive surgical operations, when all the time there is a painless, certain, lasting cure, which gives instant relief and costs but a trifle. It is called the Pyramid Pile Cure and can be found at all drug stores. Any druggist will get it for you if you ask him.

A Surgical Operation.
For the cure of Piles is always painful, often dangerous and useless, and invariably expensive; on the other hand there is a new, certain cure, perfectly painless, gives instant relief and permanent cure and costs but a trifle. It is the Pyramid Pile Cure. It is a more certain cure than a surgical operation, without any of the intense pain, expense and danger of an operation. Any druggist will get it for you.

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the Alpena Steam Dyeing and Cleaning Co. has secured the services of a first class man, who is prepared to do all kinds of fancy dyeing! Also Silks, Plush, Velvet, Yarn and Feathers cleaned equal to new. Curtains a specialty.

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